#### GALLECHER.

A NEWSPAPER STORY.

Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's Magazine' for August: We had had so many office boys before Gallegher came among us that they had begun to lose the characteristics of Individuals, and became merged in a composite photograph of small boys, to whom we applied the generia title of "Here, you;" or, "You, boy."

We had had sleepy boys, and lazy boys, who became so familiar on so short an acquaintance that we were forced to part with them to save our own self-re-

They generally graduated into district messenger boys, and occasionally returned to us in blue coats with nickleplated buttons, and patronized us.

But Gallegher was something different from anything we had experienced before. Gallegher was short and broad in build, with a solid, museular broadness, and not a fat and dumpy shortness. He wore perpetually on his face a happy and knowing smile, as if you and the world in general were not impressing him as seriously as you thought you were, and his eyes, which were very black and very bright, snapped intelligently at you like those of a little blackand tan terriers.

All Gallegher knew had been learnt on the streets; not a very good schoolin itself, but one that turns out very knowing scholars. And Gallegher had attended both morning and evening sessions. He could not tell you who the Pilgrim Fathers were, nor could be name the thirteen original states, but he knew all the officers of the twenty-second police district by name, and he could distinguish the clang of a fire engine's gong from that of a patrol wagon or an ambulance fully two blocks distant. It was Gallegher who rang the alarm when the Wool-wich mills caught fire while the officer on his best was asleep, and it was Gallegher who led the "Black Dismonds" against the "Wharf Rats," when they used to stone each other to their hearts' content on the coal-wharves of

I am afraid, new that I see these facts written down, that Gallegher was not a reputable character; but he was so very young and so very old for his years that we all liked him very much, neverthe-less. He lived in the extreme northern part of Philadelphia, where the cotton and woolen mills run down to the river, and how he ever got home after leaving the Press building at 2 in the morning was one of the mysteries of the office Sometimes he caught a night car, and sometimes he walked all the way, arriving at the little house, where his mother and himself lived all alone, at 4 in the morning. Occasionally he was given a ride on an early milk-cart, or on one of the newspaper delivery wagons, with its high piles of papers still damp and sticky from the press. He knew several drivers of "night hawks"—those cabs that prowl the streets at night looking for belated passengers—and when it was a very cold morning he would not go home at all, but would crawl into one of these cabs and sleep, carled upon the cushions, until daylight.

Besides being quick and cheerful, Gallegher possessed a power of amusing the young men to a degree seldom attained by the ordinary mortal. His clog-dancing on the city editor's desk, when that gentleman was upstairs fightof for two more columns of space, was ysa source of maccent tous,

his imitations of the comedians of the variety halls delighted even the dramatic critic, from whom the comedians themselves failed to force a smile. But Gallegher's chief characteristic was his love for that element of news generically classed as "crime."

Not that he ever did anything criminal himself. On the contrary, his was rather the work of the criminal specialist, and his morbid interest in the doings of all queer characters, his knowledge of their methods, their present whereabouts, and their past deeds of transgression often rendered him a valuable all to our police reporter whose daily feuilletons were the only portion of the paper Gallegher deigned to read.

In Gallegherthe detective element was abnormally developed. He had shown this on several occasions, and to excellent purpose.

Once the paper had sent him into a home for destitute orphans which was believed to be grievously mismanaged, and Gallegher, while playing the part of a destitute orphan, kept his eyes open to

what was going on around him so faith-ily that the story he told of the treatment meted out to the real orphans was sufficient to rescue the unhappy little wretches from the individual who had them in charge, and to have the individual himself sent to jail.
Gallegher's knowledge of the aliases

terms of imprisonment, and various misdoings of the leading criminals in Philadelphia was almost as thorough as that of the elder of police himself, and he could tell to an hour when "Dutchy Mack" was to be let out of prison, and could identify at a glance "Dick Oxford, confidence man," as "Gentleman Dan,

There were, at this time, only two pieces of news in any of the papers. The least important of the two was the big fight between the champion of the United States, and the would-be champion, arranged to take place near Philadelphia; the second was the Barrbank murder. which was filling space in newspapers all over the world, from New York to Bombay.

Richard F. Burrbank was one of the most prominent of New York's railroad awyers, he was also, as a matter of course, an owner of much railroad stock, and a very wealthy man. He had been spoken

of as a political possibility for many high offices, and, as the counsel for a great railroad, was known even further than the great railroad itself had stretched At 6 o'clock one morning he was found by his butler lying at the foot of the hall stairs with two pistol wounds

above his heart. He was quite dead, His safe, to which only he and his secretary had the keys, was found open, and \$200,000 in bonds, stocks, and money, which had been placed there only the night before, was found missing. The secretary was missing also. His name was Stephen S. Hade, and his name and his description had been telegraphed and embled to all parts of the world. There was enough circumstantial evi-dence to show, beyond any question or possibility of mistake, that he was the

It made an enormous amount of talk and unhappy individuals-were, being "arrested all over the country, and sent on to New York for identification. Three had been arrested at Liverpool, and one man just as he landed at Sidney, Aus-But so far the murderer had es-

We were all talking about it one night, as everybody else was all over the country, in the local room, and the city editor said it was worth a fortune to any one who chanced to run against Hade and succeeded in handing him over to the police. Some of us thought Hade had taken passage from some one of the smaller scaports, and others were of the opinion that he had buried himself in

some cheap lodging house in New York, one of the smaller towns in New

Jersey. "Ishouldn't be surprised to meet him out walking, right here in Philadel-phia," said one of the staff. "He'll be isguised, of course, but you could always tell him by the absence of the trig-ger finger on his right hand. It's missng, you know; shot off when he was a

You want to look for a man dressed ike a tough," said the city editor; "for as this fellow is to all appearances a entleman, he will try to look as little "No, he won't," said Gallegher, with

hatcalm impertinence that made him dear to us, "He'll dress just like a gentleman. Toughs don't wear gloves, ind you see he's got to wear 'em. first thing he thought of after doing for Burrbank was of that gone finger, and how he was to hide it. He studed the nger of that glove with cettonso's to make it look like a whole finger, and the first time he takes off that glove they've got him—see, and he knows it. So what ous want to do is to look for a man with gloves on. I've been a-doing it for two weeks now, and I can tell you it's hard work, for everybody wears gloves this kind of weather. But if you look long enough you'll find him. And when you think it's him, go up to him and hold ent our hand in a friendly way, like a buseo teerer, and shake his hand; and if you eel that his foretinger am't real flesh, ut just wilded cotton, then grip to it with your right and grab his throat with our left, and holler for help."

There was an appreciative pause. "I see, gentlemen," said the city edior, dryly, "that Gallegher's reasoning as impressed you; and I also see that efore the week is out all of my young nea will be under bonds for assaulting nnocent pedestrians whose only offence s that they wear gloves in mid-winter.

It was about a week after this that De tective Heiflefinger, of Inspector Byrnes' staff, came over to Philadelphinafter a ourgiar, of whose whereabouts he had been misinformed by telegraph. He brought the warrant, requisition and other necessary papers with him, but the burglar had flown. One of our reporters had worked on a New York paper and knew Heffleinger, and the letective came to the office to see if he could help him in his so far unsuccessful search.

He gave Gallegher his card, and after Gallegher had read it, and haddiscovered who the visitor was, he became so lemoralized that he was absolutely use

"One of Byrnes's men," was a much more awe inspiring individual to Gallegher than a member of the cabinet. He ecordingly seized his hat and overcoat. and leaving his duties to be looked after by others, hastened out after the object f his admiration, who found his suggestions and knowledge of the city so valuable, and his company so entertaining, that they became very intimate and spent the rest of the day together.

In the meanwhile the managing editor had instructed his subordinates to inform Gallegher when he condscended to return that his services were no longer needed. Gallegher had played truint once too often. Unconscious of this he remained with his new friend until late the same evening and started the next afternoon toward the Press office.

As I have said, Gallegher lives in the most distant part of the city, not many minutes walk from the Kensington rati road station where trains ran into the suburbs and on to New York. It was in front of this station that a

smoothly shaven. Sell dressed man brushed past Gallegher and hurried up the steps to the ticket office.

He held a walking stick in his right hand and Gallegher, who new patiently scrutinized the hands of every one who were gloves, saw that while three fingers of the man's hand were closed around the case the fourth stood out in almost a

straight line with his palm.
Gallegherstopped with a gasp and with trembling allover his little body, and his brain asked with a throb if it could be possible. But possibilities and probabilities were to be discovered later. Now was the time for action.

He was after the man in a moment hanging to his heels and his eyes moist with excitement. He heard the man ask for a ticket to

Torresdale, a little station just outside of Philadelphia, and when he was out of hearing, but not out of sight, purchased one for the same place.
The stranger went into the smoking

car and seated himself at one end toward the door. Gallegher took his place at

the opposite end. He was trembling all over and suf-fered from a slight feeling of nausea. He guessed it came from fright, not of

any bodily harm that might come to him, but at the probability of failure in his adventure and of its most momentous possibilities. The stranger pulled his coat collar up

around his ears, hiding the lower por-tion of his face but not concealing the resemblance in his troubled eyes and close-shutlips to the likenesses of the murderer Hade. They reached Torresdale in half an

hour, and the stranger, alighting quickly, struck off at a rapid pace down the country road leading to the station. Gallegher gave him a hundred yards' start and then followed slowly after.

The road ran between fields and past few frame houses set far from the road inkitchen gardens. Once or twice the man looked back

over his shoulder, but he saw only a dreary length of road with a small box splashing through the slush in the midst of it and stopping every now and again to throw snowballs at belated sparrows After a ten minutes' walk the stranger turned into a side road which led to only one place, the Engle Inn, an old

readside hostelry known now as the headquarters for pot-hunters from the Philadelphia game market and the battle ground of many a cock fight. Gallegher knew the place well. He and his young companions had often stopped there when out chestautting on

holidays in the autumn. The son of the man who kept it had often accompanied them on their excursions, and though the boys of the city streets considered him a dumb lout they respected him somewhat owing to his inside knowledge of dog and cock fights.
The stranger entered the inn at a side door, and Gallogher, reaching it a few minutes later, let him go for the time being and set about finding his occasional playmate young Keppler.

Keppler's offspring was found in the woodshed. " Taint hard to guess what brings you out here," said the tavernkeeper's son, with a grin; "it's the fight." "What fight?" asked Gallegher, un-

guardedly. "What fight? Why, the fight," re-turned his companion, with the slow contempt of superior knowledge. "It's to come off, here tonight. You knew that as well as me; anyway your sportin' editor knows it. He got the tip last night, but that won't help you any. You medn't think there's any chance of your retting a peep at it. Why tickets is 8250 a piece! "Whew!"

"where's it to be?"
"In the h "In the barn," whispered Keppler. "I helped 'em fix the ropes this morning, I did."

Gallegher, with flattering envy. "Could-n't I jest get a peep at it!"
"Maybe," said the gratified Keppler.
"There's a winder with a wooden shutter at the back of the barn. You can get in it, if you have someone to boost you

"Sa-ay," drawled Gallegher, as if something had but just that moment re-minded him. "Who sthat gent who come down the read just a bit ahead of me-him with the cape coat? Hashe got anything to do with the fight?"
"Him?" repeated Gallegher, in tones
of sincere disgust. "Nooh, he sin't no

sport. He's queer, dad thinks. He come here one day last week, about 10 in the morning, said his doctor told him to go outen the country for his health. He's stuck up and citified, and wears gloves, and takes his meals in his private room, and all that sort of truck. They was saying in the saloon lastnight that they thought he was hiding from some thing, and Dal, just to try him, asks him last night if he was coming to see the fight. He looked sort of scared and said he didn't want to see no fight. And then Dad says, 'I guess you mean you don't want no fighters to see you.' didn't mean no harm by it, just passed it as a joice, but Mr. Carleton, as he calls himself, got white as a ghost an' says I'll go to the fight willing enough, and begins to laugh and joke. And this morning he went right into the barroom, where all the sports were setting, and said he was going into town to see some friends, and ashe starts off he laughs an' says, 'This don't look as if I was afraid of seeing people, does it?' but Dad says it was just bluff that made him doit, and Dad thinks that if he hadn't what he did this Mr. Carleton wouldn't have left his room at all."
Gallegher had got all he wanted and much more than he had hoped for—so

much more that his walk back to the station was in the nature of a triumphal march. He had twenty minutes to wait for the next train, and it seemed an hour. While waiting he sent a telegram to Hefflefinger at his hotel. It read: Your man is near the Torresdale station, on Pennsylvania railroad; take cab

and meet me at station. Wait until I GALLEGHER. With the exception of one at midnight, no other train stopped at Torres-dale that evening, hence the direction to

ake a cab. The train to the city scenned to Galle-gher to draw itself by inches. It stopped and backed at purposeless intervals, waited for an express to precede it, and dallied at stations, and when, at last, it reached the terminus, Gallegher was out before it had stopped and was in a cab rant, and off on his way to the home of the sporting editor.

The sporting editor was at dinner and ame out in the hall to see him, with his napkin in his hand. Gallegher explained prenthlessly that he had located the murderer for whom the police of two catinents were looking, and that he believed, in order to quiet the suspicions of the people with whom he was hiding, that he would be present at the fight that night.

The sporting editor led Gallegher into his library and shut the door, 'Now," he said, "go over all that ugain.

Gallegher went over it again in detail, and added how he had sent for Hefflefinger to make the arrest in order that it might be kept from the knowledge of the local police and from the Philadelphia reporters.

"What I want Hefflefinger to do is to arrest Hade with the warrant he has for he burgler," explained Galleg hor, "and to take him on to New York on the owl train that passes Torrescale at I o'clock. It don't get to Jersey City until 4 o'clock, one hour after the morning papers go to press. Of course, we must fix Hefflefinger so's he'll keep quiet and

not tell who his prisoner really is The sporting editor reached his hand out to pat Gallegher on the head, but changed his mind and shook hands with

him instead.
"My boy," he said, "you are an infant phenomenon. If I can pull the rest of this thing off tonight it will mean the \$5,000 reward and fame galore for you and the paper. Now, I'm going to write anote to the managing editor, and you can take it around to him and tell him what you've done and what I am going to do, and he'll take you back on the paper and raise your salary. Perhaps you didn't know you've been discharged?" "Do you think you ain't agoing to take me with you?" demanded Galle-

"Why, certainly not. Why should I? It all lies with the detective and myself now. You've done your share, and done it well. If the man's caught the reward is yours. But you'd only be in the way now. You'd better go to the office and

make your peace with the chief." "If the paper can get along without me, I can get along without the old paper," said Gallegher, hotly. "And if paper," said Gallegher, hotly. "And if I ain't a-going with you, you ain't neither, for I know where Hefflefinger

is to be and you don't, and I won't tell "Oh, very well, verywell," replied the sporting editor, weakly capitulating. "I'll send the note by a messenger; only mind, if you lose your place, don't blame

Gallegher wondered how this man could value a week's salary against the excitement of seeing a noted criminal run down, and of getting the news to the

paper, and to that one paper alone. From that moment the sporting edifor sank in Gallegher's estimation.

Mr. Dwyer sat down at his desk and scribbled off the following note:

I have received reliable information that Hade the Burrbank marderer, will be present at the fight tonight. We have arranged it so that he will be arrested quietly and in such a manner that the fact may be kept from all other papers. I need not point out to you that that this will be the most im-

portant piece of news in the country tomorrow. Yours, etc., Michael E Dw.en.

The sporting editor stepped into the waiting cab, while Gallegher whispered the directions to the driver. He was told to go first to a district messenger office, and from there up the Ridge avenue road, out Broad street and on to the old Eagle inn, near Torresdale.

It was a miserable night. The rain and snow were falling together, and freezing as they fell. The sporting editor got out to send his message to the Press office, and then lighting a cigar, and turning up the collar of his greatcoat curied up in the corner of the cab. "Wake me when we get there, Gallehe said. He knew he had a long

ride, and much rapid work before him, and he was preparing for the strain. To Gallegher the idea of going to sleep seemed almost criminal. From the dark corner of the cab his eyesshone with excitement, and with the awful joy of anticipation. He glanced every no and then to where the reporting editor's cigar shone in the darkness, and watched it as it gradually burnt more dimly and went out. The lights in the shop windows threw a broad glare across the ice on the pavements, and the lights from the lamp posts tossed the distorted shadowsof the cab and the horse and the motionless driver sometimes before and sometimes behind them.

After half an hour Gallegher slipped down to the bottom of the cab dragged out a lap robe, in which he wrapped himself. It was growing colder the damp, keen wind swept in through the cracks until the window-frames and woodwork were cold to the

"Gosh, but you're in luck, "exclaimed | An hour passed and the cab was still

moving more slowly over the rough surface of partly paved streets, and by sin-gle rows of new hours standing at diferent angles to each other in fields covered with ash-hears and brick-kilns. Here and there the gaudylights of a drug store, the forerunner of suburban civilization, shene from the end of a new block of houses, and the rubber cape of an occasional policeman showed in the light of the lamp-post that he husged for sometric.

hugged for comfort. Then even the houses disappeared and the cab dragged its way between truck farms, with desolate-looking, glass-covered beds, and pools of water, half-caked with ice, and bare trees and interminable fences.

Once or twice the cab stopped alto-gether, and Gallegher could hear the ariver swearing to himself, or at the horse, or the roads. At last they drew up before the station at Torresdale. It was quite deserted, and only a single light cut a swath in the darkness and showed a portion of the platform, the ties, and the rails glistening in the rain. They walked twice past the light before a figure stepped out of the shadow and

a figure stepped out of greeted them cautiously.
"I am Mr. Dwyer, of the Press," said the sporting editor, briskly. "You've the sporting editor, briskly. Well, there heard of me, perhaps. Well, there shouldn't be any difficulty in our making a deal, should there? This boy here has found Hade, and we have reason to believe he will be among the spectators at the fight tonight. We want you to arrest him quietly, and as secretly as possible. You can do it with your papers and your badge easily enough. We want you to pretend that you believe he is this barlar you came over after. If you will do this, and take him away without anyone so much as suspecting who he really is, and on the train that passes here at 1:20 for New York, we will give you \$500 out of the \$5,000 reward. If, however, one other paper, either in New York or Philadelphia, or anywhere else, knows of the arrest, you won't get a cent. Now,

what do you say?"
The detective and a great deal to say. He wasn't at all sure the man Gallegher suspected was Hade, he leared he might get himself into trouble by making a false arrest, and if it should be the man he was afraid the local police would in torfere.

"We've no time to argue or debate this matter," said Dwyer, warmly, "We agree to point Hade out to you in the crowd. After the fight is over you arrest him as we have directed and you get the money and the creditof the arrest. If you don't like this I will arrest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a war-

Hefflefinger considered in silence and then agreed unconditionally. "As you say, Mr. Dwyer," he returned. "I've heard of you for a thoroughbred sport, I knowyou'll do what you say you'll do; and as for me I'll do what you say and just as you say, and it's a very pretty

piece of work as it stands,' They all stepped back into the cab, and then it was that they were met by a fresh difficulty, how to get the detective into the barn where the fight was to take place, for mither of the two men

had \$250 to pay for his admittance. But this was overcomewhen Gatlegher emembered the window of which young Keppler had told him.

the event of Hade losing courage and not daring to show himself in the crowd around the ring it was agreed that Dwyershould come to the barn and warn Hefflefinger, but if be should come Dwy 5: was morely to keep near him and to signify by a prearranged gesture which one of the crowd he was.

They drew up before a great black shadow of a house, dark, forbidding, and apparently deserted. But at the sound of the wheels on the gravelthe door opened, letting out a stream of warm, cheerful those lights. Don't you'se know no bet-ter than that?" This was Keppler, and he welcomed Mr. Dwyer with effusive

courtesy. The two men showed in the stream of light and the door closed on them, leaving the house as it was at first, blackand silent save for the dripping of the rain

and snow from the caves.

The detective and Gallegher put out the cab's lamps and led the horse toward a long, low shed in the rear of the yard. which they now noticed was almost filled with teams of many different makes, from the Hobson's choice of a livery stable to the brougham of the man

"No," said Gattegher, as the cabman stopped to hitch the horse beside the 'we want it nearest that lower gate. When we newspaper men leave this place we'll leave it in a hurry, and the man who is nearest town is likely to get there first. You won't be a following no hearse when you make your re-

Gallegher tied the horse to the very gatepost himself, leaving the gate open and allowing a clear road and a flying start for the prospective race to News-

paper Row.
The driver disappeared under the shelter of the porch, and Gallegher and the detective moved off cautiously to the rear of the barn. "This must be the window," said Hefflefinger, pointing to

a broad wooden shutter some feet from the ground. "Just you give me a boostonce, and I'll get that open in a jiffy," said Galle

The detective placed his hands on his knees and Gallegher stood upon his shoulders, and with the blade of his knife lifted the wooden button that fastened the window on the inside and pulled the

Then he put one leg inside over the sill, and leaning down helped to draw his fellow-conspirator up to a level with the window. "I feel just like I was burglarizing a house," chuckled Galle-gher as he, dropped noiselessly to the loor below and refusiened the shutter. The barn was a large one, with a row o stalls on either side in which horses and cows were dozing. There was a hay-mow over each row of stalls, and at one end of the barn a number of fence rails had been thrown across from one mow to the other. These rails were covered

with hav. In the middle of the floor was the ring. It was not really a ring, but a square, with wooden posts at its four cor-ners through which ran a heavy rope. The space inclosed by the rope was covered with sawdust

Gallegher could not resist stepping into the ring, and after stamping the sawdust once or twice, as if to assure himself that he was really there, began dancing around it, and indulging in such a remarkable series of fistic manouvres with an imaginary adversary that the unimaginative detective precipitately backed into a corner of the barn, "Now, then," said Gallegher, having

apparently vanquished his foe, "you come with me." His companion followed quickly, as Gallegher climbed to one of the haymows, and crawling carefully out on the fence rails stretched himself at full length, face downward. himself at full length, face downward,
In this position, by moving the straw a
little, he could look down, without being
himself seen, upon the heads of whomsoever stood below. "This is better'n a
private box, ain tit?" said Gallegher.
The boy from the newspaper office and der. the detective by there in slience, biting

omfortable bed. It seemed fully two hours before they came. Gallegher had listened without breathing, and with every muscle on a

at straweard tossing anxiously on their

strain, at least a dozen times, when some movement in the yard had led him to believe that they were at the door,

And he had numerous doubts and fears. Sometimes it was that the police had learnt of the fight and had raided Keppler's in his absence, and again it was that the fight had been postponed, or, worst of all, that it would be put off until so late that Mr. Dwyer could not get back in time for the last edition of the paper. Their coming, when at last they came, was heralded by an advance guard of two sporting men, who staioned themselves at either side of the big door.
"Hurry up, now, gents," one of the
mos said with a shiver, "don't keep this

door open ne longer'n is needful."

It was not a very large crowd, but it was wonderfully well selected. It ran, the the majority of its competent parts, to heavy white conts with pearl buttons. he white coats were shouldered by long due coats with astrakhan furtrimmings, the wearer of which preserved a clique-ness not remarkable when one considers hat they believed everyone else present to be either a crook or a prizeighter.

There were well-fed, well-groomed clubmen and brokers in the crowd, a politician or two, a popular comedian with his manager, amateur boxers from the athletic clubs, and quiet, closemouthed sporting men from every city in the country. Their names, if printed in the papers, would have been as faniliar as the types of the papers them selves

And among these men, whose only thought was of the brutal sport to come, was Hade, with Dwyer standing at east at his shoulder—Hade, whiteand visibly in deep anxiety, hiding his pale face bea cloth traveling-cap, and with neath his chin muffled in a woolen scarf. He had dared to come because he feared his langer from the already suspicious Keppler was less than if he stayed away. And so he was there, hovering restlessly on the border of the crowd, feeling his langer and sick with fear.

When Hefflefinger first saw him he started up on his hands and elbows and made a movement forward as if he would leap down then and there and carry of his prisoner single-handed.
"Lie down," growled Gallegher; "an officer of any sort wouldn't live three minutes in that crowd,"
The detective drew back slowly and

again buried himself in the straw, but never once through the long fight which followed did his eyes leave the person of the murderer. The newspaper men took their places in the foremost row close around the ring and kept looking at their watches and begging the master of ceremonies to "shake it up, do."

There was a great deal of betting and all of the men handled the great roll of bills they wagered with a flippant recklessness which could only be accounted for in Gallegher's mind by temporary mental derangement. Some one pulled a box out into the ring and the master of ceremonies mounted it and pointed out in forcible language that as they were almost all already under bonds to keep the peace, it behooved all to curb their excitement and to maintain a severe silence unless they wanted to bring the police upon them and have themselves "sent down" for a year or two. Then two very disreputable-looking persons tossed their respective princi-

pals' high hats into the ring, and the crowd, recognizing in this relie of the days when brave knights threw down their gauntlets in the lists as only a sign that the fight was about to begin, cheered tumultuously This was followed by a sudden surging

forward, and a mutter of admiration much more flattering than the cheers had been, when the principals followed their hats, and slipping out of their great coats stood forth in all the physical beauty of the perfect brute. Their pink skin was as soft and

healthy looking as a baby's, and glowed in the lights of the lanterns like tinted vory, and underneath this silken covering the great bleeps and muscles moved in and out and looked like the coils of a snake around the branch of a tree.

Gentleman and blackguard shoutdered each other for a mearer view; the coachmen, whose metal buttons were unpleasantly suggestive of police, put their hands, in the excitement of themoment on the shoulders of their masters; the perspiration stood out in great drops on the foreheads of the backers and the newspapermen bit somewhat nervously

at the ends of their pencils.

And in the stalls the cows munched contentedly at their cuds and gazed with gentle curiosity at their two fellowbrutes, who stood waiting the signal to fall upon, and kill each other, if need be, for the delectation of their brothers. "Take your places," commanded the

master of ceremonies. In the moment in which the two men faced each other the crowd became so still that, save for the beating of the rain upon the shingled roof and the stamping of a horse in one of the stalls, the place was as silent as a church. Shake hands," commanded the mas-

ter of ceremonies. Two great, bruised, misshapen fists touched each other for an instant, the two men sprang back into a posture of defense, which was lost as quickly as it was taken. One great arm shot out like a piston-rod, there was the sound of bare fists beating on maked flesh, there was an exultant, indrawn gasp of savage pleasure and relief from the crowd, and

he great fight had begun. How the fortunes of war rose and fell and changed and rechanged that night, is an old story to those who listen to such stories, and those who do not will be glad to be spared the tellang of it. It was, they say, one of the bitterest fights between two men this country has ever known.

But all that is of interest here is that after an hour of this desperate brutal business, the champion ceased to be the favorite; the man whom he had taunted and bullied, and for whom the publichad but little sympathy was proving himself a likely winner, and under his cruel blows, as sharp and clean as those from a cutlass, his opponent was rapidly giv-

The men about the ropes were past all control now. They drowned Keppler's petitions for silence with oaths and in inarticulate shouts of rage, as if the blows had fallen upon them, and in mad rejoicings. They swept from one end of the ring to the other, with every muscle lenping in unison with those of the men they favored, and when a New York correspondent muttered over his shoulder that this would be the biggest sporting surprise since the Heenan-Sayers figut, Mr. Dwyer nodded his head sym-

pathetically in assent.

In the excitement and tumult it is doubtful if any heard the three quickly repeated blows that fell heavily from the outside upon the big doors of the barn. If they did it was already too late to mend matters, for the door fell, torn from its hinges, and as it fell a captain of police sprang into the light from out of the storm, with his lieutenants and their men crowding close to his shoul,

[Continued in next Sunday's issue.] Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bldg.

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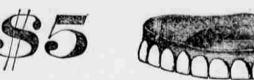
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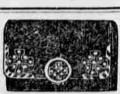
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